

# Advice to the poor KING of HEARTS

## On his being Turn'd out.

**A** Swearied *Kings* that quit the Throne  
First settle the forsaken Crown ;  
So, Helpless *Chief*, e're you Retreat,  
Dispose of your *Command* and *State* :  
Yet choole no *Brother* nor raw *Son*,  
As other *Emperours* have done,  
But leave your shatter'd Host of *Mob*  
To the wise Care of trusty *Bob*. 4

The fittest *Head* for such a *Body*,  
One *Genius* leads both *Rout* and *Noddy* ;  
Both have one *Int'rest*, *Mind* and *Spirit*,  
The selfsame *Judgment*, *Faith* and *Merit* ;  
Both are inur'd to *Seize* and *ravage*,  
Yet *Bob* is more severe and *Savage*,  
*Savage* to Married *Son*, *Deceas'd*,  
And *Daughters* now with *Hunger* teaz'd ;  
A *Man* whom *Hate* and *Envy* bends  
By foulest means to gain his *Ends*,  
To 'fright, inveigle, and defame,  
Hard'n'd in *Fraud*, and proof to *Shame* ;  
Skill'd to promote *Fanatick* *Factions*,  
And to disown his latest *Actions*,  
To tremble, hesitate, and lye.  
Hnd use that lofty *Phrase* said *I*.  
Never prefer'd, yet always busie  
In *State* *Affairs* and *Policy*,  
Drudging for *Honour*, which as yet  
With proffer'd *Coin* he cannot get,  
A most unlucky *Parasite* ;  
Forward to flatter, fawn, and sneak,  
In *Malice* strong, in *Reason* weak,  
Rude, & yet ill taught to *Read* or *Write*,  
Yet his knavish to his utmost might.  
He stole an *Orphan* for his *Elf*,  
And for her *Guardian* chose *Himself* ;  
He Match't his own unfeather'd *Brood*  
To cullied *Heirs* that never woo'd :  
He found new methods, the last *Session*,  
To aggravate his *Shire's* *Oppression*,  
And *Voted* *Ruin* to the *Nation*,  
The *Church*, the *Laws*, and *Corporations*.  
'Twere tedious here to amplify }  
On his *Inhospitality*,  
Rack't *Tenents*, and lean *Family*. }  
Or to describe, in *Doggrel* *Ditty*,  
His loath'd *Behaviour* in the *City* ;  
Where, steer'd by stalking *Female-Radder*  
His brid'ling *Mate* with *Chin* like *Udder*,  
He thrusts and justles up and down  
The great *Intruder* of the *Town*,  
And with his tedious railing *Clack*  
Sets gentlest *Hearers* on the *Rack*.

Make *Him* the *Captain* of thy *Rabble*,  
But leave your *Crown* to *Her* more able,  
She's fit for business of the *Brain*,  
A *Manly* *Dame* long us'd to *Reign*. 6  
Yet Charge her, with continued *Bounty*,  
T'employ thy *Vassals* in the *County*, 7

That pitiful malicious *Band*  
Who doubly *Tax* the Neighb'ring *Land*,  
And guided, not by *Law*, but *Hate*,  
Mawl Those that dare *exasperate*,  
Let *Her* *Preter*, and make *Her* own  
These fit *Supporters* of thy *Throne*.

This done, to *Solitude* *Adjourn*,  
And there thy loss of *Chequer* mourn.  
Live not the *Lumber* of the *Court*,  
Expos'd to *Scorn*, and publick *Sport*,  
Where're thy gloomy *Face* is seen,  
Men *ridicule* thy *Looks* or *Meen*,  
And, gazing on *Thee*, cry aloud  
—There goes the *Leader* of the *Crowd*.  
No *Mortal* pities, nor will own *Thee*,  
Even *Orange-Bawds* break *Jests* upon *Thee*.  
Therefore avoid the conscious *Light*,  
And steal abroad, with *Owls*, by *Night*,  
Yet entertain no dark *design*.  
Nor hope the *State* to undermine,  
You ne'r can play another *Game*,  
Bankrupt of *Int'rest*, *Wealth* and *Fame*,  
Bereft ev'n of thy wonted *Courage*  
To take up *Arms* for *Gain* and *Honour* ;  
Tho' stout in *Peace* as any *Swiss*  
Thou'r't grown a *Teague* where *Danger* is ;  
As *Parthians* us'd to win the *Day*  
By running decently away,  
So you, of late, to *Conquer* *Foes*,  
Nobly withdrew your self from *Blows*.  
Therefore, Thou poor *Remains* of *Fortune*,  
Ne'r think of *Rendezvous*, nor *Hunting*,  
But, as great *Pen* did to thun *Fighting*,  
Turn *Quaker*, and preserve a *tite-skyn*.  
*Riots* and *Eloquence* give o'er,  
Run popularly *Mad* no more,  
But cool the *Feavour* in your *Head*  
With wholesome *Element* and *Bread*,  
Employ in *Law* your desp'rate *Quill*,  
To cure thy *Itch* of *Writing* ill.  
Follow thy mischievous *Delight*  
Of setting friendly *Cats* to *fight*,  
(Thy lewd *Diversion* on that *Day*  
When the *Grave* *Land* did *Fast* and *Pray*)  
Enjoy the *Mirth* such *Sports* afford,  
And wear an *Apron*, not a *Sword*.  
So thy bold *Sire* to *Newport* pannel  
In *Woman's* *Dress* from *Armies* ran well,  
Besides You have a great *Example*,  
And in *Heroick* *Steps* will trample ;  
A *Champion* much thy *Elder* *Brother*,  
Who scour'd this *World*, and robb'd the other,  
Did once in *Bib* and *Apron* *Spin*,  
His *Mistress* *Omphala* to win,  
With This thy blust'ring *Genius* pleas,  
And think thy self like *Hercules*.

FINIS.